

From the Vault: A Day In 2008

Well it looks like I'll be getting back into the health food stores. Work, I mean. Selling herbs. The very thing I decided not to do anymore, after what happened to my head. After all that I've adopted a new attitude: it's not my problem. Your health issues, that is.

Because would it even be right to go back to selling supplements and telling folks what to put in their bodies when I was hit upside the hea WAIT!! I just realized! Not only is it right, but it adds to my whole selling charm! It doesn't compromise a thing! How come I never looked at it this way before? I recovered from encephalitis, the most nasty thing to happen to your head. Just the sound of it is nasty. I bounced back and the only thing different (like I said in previous blog) is my slightly spacey memory. I was thinking about it today and realized, all that means is that I just need to try a little harder. I just haven't been trying I think.

So I can be like, yes, see here Mr. Customer, take this herb and this one and that one too! Take them all! Listen to what I say because I am super-healthy as evidenced by my complete recovery from a bad brain infection.

But about the job thing. I'm dangerous. I'm doing it my way now. All this time I've been playing by these new rules, where you go in and ask for an application, only to be told to go home and apply online. I've been doing this for about 3 months now? 4? 5? I've lost track. I don't know if it's the schedule I'm applying for, or the fact that I haven't been employed in over a year that's holding me back. Who knows. Well I do know the schedule thing is a catch, the place I almost got hired at only needs daytime help, but I can only work in the evenings, because I'm sharing a car with my mom. If it weren't for that I would have been hired this week. But this virtual application deal doesn't work for me. I need human contact. And so that's what I'm going to do. This is how I always used to get jobs in the past. I don't know why I'm just now doing it. I typed up my own version of a resume. It's short, funny, and cute. And then, I take several copies and deposit them generously, like candied sprinkles on cupcakes, all over town, not calling first, not asking, "are you hiring?" and other trivial things. No. This is what works for me. Just walk on in & smile, shake whatever hand is around, put my li'l paper in hand, turn, and walk away. This is exactly how I got my last job and the one before, too. It just sort of goes with me. I'm tired of trying to get a job the real way.

So. I already have about 5 health food stores in mind. New ones that I didn't know existed. I got online & searched in some nearby cities, some smaller places. Yes. I got my eye on a few mom & pop stores. I'm going to do my thing tomorrow. And I'm going to be ballsy.

I guess since this is a new blog I should say, I lost everything when this happened to me. My apartment, job, daughter had to go live with her dad. My state of mind was just blank. Seizures, limping, slurred speech. Perfectly happy to stare at a blank wall all day. I've downplayed it all this time in blogs, mainly because it was too hard to face the reality of it all. In fact I've only recently been processing alot of it and just now grasping the fact that I really did lose everything. Oh and my car too! On top of everything else, I lost my car. I gave it to a relative when I couldn't afford the repairs, thinking a new one would

magically appear in my life. It hasn't. I gave it to the relative for him to sell, because he's the one who got it for me to begin with, and I wanted to repay him. So it's not like I just lost my mind and gave away my car.

This has been painfully slow, getting back up and running. If you've never experienced a health crisis and had to drop everything there's no way you'd understand. In fact I never really had that much sympathy for unemployed or disabled folks until now. Now I see the hurdles they have to overcome to get back into the swing of things. And the funny thing is- most of the hurdles are mental! Like, psychological! It's the weirdest thing! Just keeping yourself motivated and keeping yourself afloat is hard. You get depressed. You feel worthless. I've pretty much felt as if I've slipped through the cracks of life.